

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XVI.

JUNE, 1872.

No. 2.



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The Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School every Week day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School at 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service every Sunday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New-York. (incorporated A D. 1854,) or its Treasurer, for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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WHY HAVE PRIVATE CHARITIES?

THE question is sometimes asked—"Can not the charitable institutions, under the control of the city, do the work that you are doing, and thus save the expense of maintaining private charities?" We answer unqualifiedly—No! The almost universal feeling among the class who are helped by us is that of utter repugnance to the city institutions. There is a dread of the islands which is so great that parents in most cases would allow their little ones and themselves to suffer all but starvation before applying to the commissioners of public charities. Children would be allowed to run the streets and grow up incorrigible vagrants if the alternative, in many cases, was to be sent to the poor house. From what we know of the herding together of the poor to be cared for in the mass, as it must of necessity be in the alms houses, we are not much surprised at the feelings expressed above.

And then again, there are parents who would sacrifice almost everything rather than have their children sent where there is a probability of never returning. The question then is shall these children, who must be fed and clothed from some source, be left to learn the life of vagrancy and crime and replenish our penitentiaries and prisons, or shall the hand of Christian love and charity be stretched forth to save them? Many of those who have the care of children in our public institutions are mindful of the salary more

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than of the little ones under their charge, and we know in that regard that our private institutions are far more comfortable homes than the public ones can be. If, by the feeding of the body the moral life of the child may be saved, we are sure there is warrant for maintaining private homes where the little ones may be taught the way of life as well as saved from physical suffering. The agency of Missionary visitation, and thus learning of needy ones who shrink from applying for aid, must be sustained by private charity. The stigma of the poor-house is one that is to be dreaded, while the fostering care of private institutions is regarded more as the oversight of friends. That a very large part of the people feel an interest in these homes is evidenced by the number supported by private benefactions.

We repeat, then, that the private charities can do the work of relieving and caring for the children, both physically and particularly morally, better than is done by the public authorities.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know ;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed ;
Putting them into clean garments and white ;
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin ?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,

Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to his fold ;
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep ;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form ;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
" God guide and keep them from going astray !"
—*Boston Journal.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

TUESDAY, May 14, was set apart by the N. Y. Sunday School Missionary Union as the Anniversary day for the schools under its charge. As our school comes under that category, we met in our Chapel, and after some singing and an address, the children and women were treated to a lunch by the teachers of the Sunday School.

THE BOYS' CELL.

WHERE the frowning walls of the sombre Tombs
 Look dismally down,
 There, 'mid the vaulted and echoing glooms,
 In the heart of the town
 That with noise and trouble and tumult chafes,
 Is a cell for the boys, those vagrant waifs,
 Taught in that school
 Where vice is the rule,
 And virtue a flower that never blooms.

In that gloomy cell, which no sunbeam cheers
 With its mellow ray,
 Where at dull intervals one hears,
 All through the day,
 The clang of the iron-grated doors,
 And the echo of feet on the cold stone floors,
 These boys, from the gloom
 Of their donjon-room,
 Stare at each visitor's face that appears.

Some of them merest children yet,
 With no home but the street,
 Just such ones you have often met,
 With shoeless feet,
 Sweeping the crossings clean and dry,
 Or blacking the boots of some passer-by;
 And others older,
 With bearing bolder,
 On whose features the seal of vice is set.

All huddled together in that grim cell,
 Where each clashing door
 Sounds in the silence like a knell;
 And the city's roar
 Is scarce heard through the thick and frown-
 ing walls;
 There, where the shade of the twilight falls
 Early each day,
 And where no sun's ray
 Of God's beautiful world creeps in to tell.

Only a plank upon which to lie
 Through the lonely night,
 While the long, dark hours go silently by
 In their noiseless flight;
 Forming a picket-guard to keep,
 There in the cell, while the others sleep,
 The rats at bay
 That, till break of day,
 With hungry purpose in dozens draw nigh.

Just outside of the grated door,
 Gloomy and vast,
 Is the corridor, with its hard stone floor,
 Where the grim walls cast
 Deeper gloom; and where all night long
 The loathsome whiskered enemy throng,
 Wrangle and scold,
 And, with hunger grown bold,
 Force their way in through the iron-barred door.

So, with these grim walls bounding their view,
 Here in this cell,
 With never a glimpse of the sky's sweet blue—
 How long who can tell?
 Till their foster-mother, the City, shall make
 Some other provision for charity's sake,
 These boys must remain,
 Living again
 Each day over with nothing new.

Oh, you who have homes, and to whom the joys
 Of our hearths are dear,
 How different your lot from the lot of these boys,
 Without comfort or cheer!
 How different your lives, with the blessing of
 love
 Making earth like the home of the angels above,
 To the lives dark with doom
 In the drear prison's gloom!
 Oh, God bless our homes and hallow their joys!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHY DON'T YOU DIE?

SOME of our readers will remember that some three years ago we narrated the case of a little fellow who was brought here by his father, with the hope that he might obtain one dollar and twenty-five cents by leaving him here. We declined to make the bargain, when he remarked that he could get it at another institution. He failed to find a bidder for his child and finally left him here.

Inheriting scrofulous tendencies, he has been almost constantly in our hospital ever since his entrance to the house. He has been

for months confined to his bed, and the little face has been growing whiter and whiter, the tiny hands thinner and thinner, until now he is hardly more than a skeleton. He has not until recently been willing to die, but now says he wants to go to heaven. His mother is one of the hard drinkers of this locality, and scarcely ever comes here sober. She has made applications to take the boy out, but we have refused to let him go as he was legally committed to our care, and she has not a decent place for herself, and certainly not for him.

She calls occasionally to see him, and not long since made her way to the bedside of the little fellow. After talking awhile with him, she asked—"What makes yers be so long dying?" To this inhuman question the little fellow replied meekly, "I can't help it."

Oh, ye mothers, whose blue-eyed darlings are more precious to you than even your own lives, imagine, if you can, what transformation must take place when a mother desires to see her helpless, innocent little six-year-old boy go down the dark valley!

It seems to us that there can be only this one answering cause for such inhumanity—RUM!

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN.

WE are quite frequently troubled with mice. They like to make their headquarters in our dormitories, where after the children are asleep, they sally out and amuse themselves by crawling into the pockets and nibbling the crumbs which are usually to be found there. Some of our girls concluded to try and catch some of the little eaters, and accordingly set a trap. A few nights since the trap was sprung and one of the girls started to carry it to Miss Brown, and by some mischance let it fall on the floor, thereby liberating Mr. Mouse. Mary was quite annoyed about it for fear, as she said, that he would tell the other mice, and so they would all keep away. However, two more were caught, and now she thinks that the escaped one told the others how nice the cheese was, and so persuaded them to try it.

A tenement house in our rear caught fire, and for a time the flames threatened to communicate with us. It was in the evening, and the children had retired. The bright light awakened some of them, and fearful lest there might be a panic among them, the

Assistant Superintendent went into the dormitory, and while looking out of the window one of the boys approached and said, "Mr. M——, isn't it good that we pray? I am so glad we prayed to-night, and I was praying now."

TELL OTHERS.

ONE of the encouraging signs of our work, was that of a little girl who had attended our day school for some time, who went out a few days ago, and playing the part of a missionary, brought in seven other children with her to enjoy what she has.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

FROM the top of her feather to the tips of her tiny boots, little Jennie was dressed like a lady. "Mother's darling" was written all over her, as plainly as dimples, and curls, and warm attire could say it.

Tripping to Sunday School, she catches sight of seven little Irish girls, screaming and playing in a lot. Not happy playing, either, for as she comes closer, she hears unkind words, and observes that two of them are almost ready "to tear each other's eyes." Not a moment does Jennie lose, but appearing in their midst in all her beauty of smiling face and gay apparel, astonishes them with the invitation, "Come, girls, won't you go to Sunday School with me?"

"When?"

"Now!" was the bright, ready answer.

"But they don't have girls like us in Sunday School."

"Yes, they do, plenty of them, just your size," Jennie says, with true diplomacy; then, thinking she sees hunger in their pinched faces and hollow eyes, goes on, "It is really early, and if you will come, I'll take you home first, and give you some dinner."

So the seven little girls were taken to Jennie's house, washed and fed, and then with rapid steps they were escorted to the Sunday School, where a happy class they have been ever since.

If we would reach souls, we must first reach bodies. Jennie took the right way. Feed the hungry, then offer him the bread of life.

We must not say, "Go," but "Come." We must put ourselves on the same plane with the suffering and poor. We must not stand afar off, but go close with our help, like this little missionary.—*Sunday School Times*.

BABY FINGERS.

BY MRS. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

TEN fat little fingers, so taper and neat !
 Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet !
 Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
 Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your
 hair,
 Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
 Then digging your cheek with mischievous
 clutch ;
 Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
 Then dragging your bonnet down over your
 face ;
 Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and se-
 date,
 Then tearing a book at a furious rate ;

Gravely holding them out, like a king, to be
 kissed,
 Then thumping the window with tightly-
 closed fist ;
 Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
 On the white cradle-pillow, secure from all
 harm.
 Oh, dear baby hands ! how much love you
 unfold
 In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers'
 soft hold !
 Keep spotless, as now, through the world's
 evil ways,
 And bless with fond care our last weariful days.

P L E A S U R E .

THE springtime has come with buds, flowers and grass, and already the thoughts of the children are turned toward out of doors. Without a single green thing in sight from our windows the thoughts of the Central Park are of joyful anticipation. We have felt sure that in some way our little ones would be provided for in the way of transportation to that delightful resort, and we were not mistaken in our anticipations, for a few days since a good friend of ours who has not forgotten that he liked green grass to play on, and who has before remembered us, called on us and said, "just send me word how much money you want to take all of the children to the Park this summer, and I will send you a check for the amount." Blessings on him for his kindly remembrance of us. Such rollicking for us on the common in the Central Park is in store as will be turned to good account.

T A K E I N T H E B O Y S .

WORTH more than many a costly charity or ponderous Institution, is the gentle Christian hospitality that will keep open something like a home for the lad beginning life in the wilderness of a strange city. Good men and women, do not draw your bar against Sabbath visitors so hard and fast, that you shut out such an one as this. Spare him a corner in your pew and the use of your Sunday book shelf. Make him brightly welcome, too, now and again of a week night. Grudge it not, friend. For comfort unshared is like

meat unsalted, it will not keep. It was the woman who took in the stranger, whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil wasted not in the time of the famine in Israel. Do not disregard the poor, clumsy, half-grown lad—he may prove a fine man by-and-by, if he is not trodden down while he is in chrysalis. Do not make too sure that “he must have somewhere better to go,”—that supposition has left many a poor fellow to a dull evening or a lonely Christmas. Don’t ask him once, and say it is his own fault if he does not choose to come again—for he has generally a great pride and touchiness, and if you are apt sometimes to think him a little in the way, he is apt always to feel himself very much so. I speak feelingly, knowing the heart of a stranger, since I was a stranger myself.—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life’s song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

—Selected.

ADOPTED TO CLOTHE.

A SHORT time ago a lady called at the House of Industry, desiring to visit some families of the poor in the Five Points. Our visitor accompanied her to No. — Mott street. Here lives a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and five children. The father is totally blind. The lady gave them some money, and gave one of the little girls, aged eight years, several suits of clothes, consisting of fifteen articles of new clothing. The lady will keep the little girl in clothes for some time to come. S.

HEALTH.

THE health of our house during the past season has been most remarkable. With the small pox raging in the lower parts of the city and the spotted fever as well, we consider ourselves very fortunate not to have had death by either disease. The small pox has not entered our house for some eight years. We had several cases of spotted fever, but none of them proved fatal. With an average family of three hundred during the winter, it is certainly remarkable to be so free from disease.

OUR LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

BY MRS. E. SHERMAN SMITH.

We have some little neighbors,
 Living just across the way,
 Whose sweet and gentle manners
 Give us pleasure, day by day.
 They are not rich or powerful,
 Nor fashionable, nor grand;
 And yet we more admire them
 Than the magnates of the land.

And first, they are so cheerful;
 Let skies be dark or bright,
 They meet all kinds of weather
 With spirits gay and light.
 Out in the rain or snow-fall
 From morn to set of sun,
 They leave no task—no duty
 Neglected or undone.

And then they're so contented;
 Though their dwellings are but small,
 And they wear the self-same garments
 In Winter, Spring and Fall,
 They never seem to murmur
 At troubles small or great,
 But meet the ills of fortune
 With "hearts for any fate."

They're frugal and industrious,
 And soberly they live:
 At all the entertainments
 Or "sociables" they give,
 They take no drink but water—
 An excellent thing to do,
 For it saves them many a head-ache,
 And is inexpensive, too.

These neighbors never gossip;
 We freely come and go;
 They ask no prying questions,
 Nor seek our plans to know.
 And they have one Christian virtue,
 Which we must all commend,
 They breathe no word of slander
 'Gainst enemy or friend.

They're affable and social,
 Though they do not often call;
 And now I'm going to mention
 The strangest trait of all—
 They never cross our thresholds,
 But like the sunbeams come,
 To brighten by their visits
 The *windows* of our home.

Oh! charming little neighbors,
 In your modest suits of brown,
 How oft, amid our musings,
 As twilight settles down,
 We watch your joyous movements,
 And wish that we, like you,
 Might all the paths of duty
 So cheerfully pursue.

And when we walk at morning
 In park or busy street,
 And everywhere these sprightly
 And graceful creatures meet,
 We say, "God bless the *sparrows*!
 God keep them safe from harm,
 And teach us all like them to be,
 Content in shine or storm."

—N. Y. Mail.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.

SIDNEY SMITH cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy; at all events, for a time."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

NO GRANDMA IN IT.

"OH, MAMMA ! Uncle Ned has got an awful lonesome old house !"

"Why, Joe," said his mother, "I thought it was a very pleasant, cheerful house."

"But you was mistaken, mamma. There isn't any grandma to that house, and so when the mamma's out shopping, there's nobody there to love little children. I think a house is awful that hasn't any grandma in it, don't you ?"

"Yes, darling, I do," said his mother ; "and we wouldn't give our grandma away for all the big house, and fine furniture, and lovely pictures of Uncle Ned, would we ?"

"I guess not," cried the loving little fellow ; "it's just like having two mammas to have a grandma."

We never should know the blessing of a home, if there were no winter snows and winter winds to make us crowd round the happy hearth.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, baby Louise !
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the
skies,
God's sunshine, baby Louise !

When you fold your hands, baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught
prayer
You learned above, baby Louise ?

I'm in love with you, baby Louise !—
Why ! you never raise your beautiful head !
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red,
With a flush of delight, to hear the words
said,
"I love you," baby Louise.

Do you hear me, baby Louise ?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and
lower,
And—you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful baby Louise !

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

C E N S U S .

THE official U. S. census of this Ward shows that there are 9,255 native-born whites, 54 colored, and 11,695 of foreign birth, making a total of 21,004. When it is remembered that in some parts of this ward they are packed in at the rate of eight to the square foot, it will not be surprising that there is an odious name attached to the Sixth Ward. With an area of 86 acres, a good part of which is occupied by stores, there can not but be a vast amount of misery by crowding in over twenty-one thousand people.

MISSIONARY REPORT.

DURING the four months ending April 30th, 1872, 2,647 missionary visits were made to families ; 366 children and adults were provided with shelter and homes ; situations were provided for 140 women and 18 men ; 69 signatures were secured to the temperance pledge ; 527 meals and 125 loaves of bread were given to deserving out-door poor.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

It is not the easiest work in the world to teach in the Sunday-School. Unruly boys and girls very frequently cause the care of a class to be the hardest employment that one can engage in. There are those who are always ready to do this work if the school is not very far away from where they reside, but are not so zealous if any distance lies between. We are situated so far away from the residences of most in the city that it is a matter of a considerable self-sacrifice for a lady or gentleman to make it a point, through winter and summer, storm or pleasant weather, to be present every Sunday in our school, and yet we are favored with a Superintendent and a corps of teachers, many of whom live two miles, who are scarcely ever absent from their posts. We are most heartily indebted to Dr. O. A. Jarvis, as Superintendent, and to Messrs. A. T. Whittle, D. U. Nichols, W. Jarvis, E. W. Curtis, Prince, and S. W. Wiley, Misses H. A. Britten, Flora Velzer, Kitty Bowers, Mary Bowers, Mrs. Ackerman, Wallace and Boyd, for their services.

GOING TO ROME.

THE Rev. W. C. Van Meter, who has for several years been Superintendent of the Howard Mission of this city, has decided to attempt a work among the children of sunny Italy, in Rome, similar to that prosecuted here. He has been out and surveyed the field, and will return there permanently in June. While we know that among enlightened and liberal Catholics there is no such feeling as quoted below, yet we publish the following article to show that Mr. Van Meter will be wished no good by the Ultramontane party of the Church :—

The *Catholic Telegraph* thus insidiously suggests the expediency of assassinating Mr. Van Meter, who is in Rome to establish a "Home for Little Wanderers :"—"Van Meter need not fear the vengeance of the enslaved Catholics of Rome ; but he has reason to dread the stiletto of some revolutionist, who, if he has abandoned God, may still love his children and his country. Men

who have no scruple about the murder of an innocent fellow-being, will not be very merciful to a prowling wolf. It would not surprise us to learn that Van Meter had gone to Rome in search of a just reward, and to prepare his own funeral."

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me—say it darling,"
 "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she
 murmured,
 And the curly head dropped low,
 "I pray the Lord," I gently added—
 "You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly;
 Fainter still, "My soul to keep"—
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
 When I clasped her to my breast;
 And the dear voice softly whispered—
 "Mamma, God knows all the rest."
 —*Springfield Republican.*

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

MANY months ago our missionary found Mrs. T——, living in a small garret, her husband having died from the effects of rum. She was left with three girls aged respectively four, twelve and fourteen years. Upon entering the small, dark room, the mother was found weeping. It was found that the landlord had been there to collect his rent and she had no money to give, and he had threatened to put the family in the street. The rent was soon paid, and the mother and children invited to attend religious services in the Chapel. Not unfrequently was the whole family seen in our meetings. During a revival the mother and her two eldest girls were converted, and united with the church. Employment was secured for the mother and the two eldest girls, and they were enabled to make a comfortable living. They are now living up town and are earning over \$600 a year. They are contented and happy, and are thankful to God for temporal and spiritual blessings. s.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

ONE of the women in our house, whose work is to assist in the washing, has been touched lately by the Spirit, and her love for the Lord is quite fervent, and found expression not long since in this wise: Looking at the children at play in the yard, she said, "How happy those children are, I should like to stay here for nine months, working for Jesus and those children."

FREED CHILDREN IN WASHINGTON.

THEY were queer enough, those first schools, seven years ago. Everybody wanted to come, and we could not make the older people understand that they were intended only for children. So, gray-headed men and women came, and pored over the primer through their spectacles. Parents and children studied together from the same book; for old and young alike had to "begin at the beginning," and learn their letters, or, as they called it, their A B C's. We would sometimes ask of new-comers who had mastered the alphabet, "Do you know your letters?" and invariably they would answer, "No, ma'am, dunno dat ar, but knows my A B C." Soldiers came in when they were "off guard," to "read a verse." Patients from the hospital came in their gray knit dressing-gowns. Women came with their babies; and while they studied their lesson let the youngsters chew the corner of the book to keep them quiet. A man would come in, and, putting down an axe or a saw by the door, say that he "jes' come in for a few minutes ter git a lesson, an' would de lady be so kin' jes' ter show him how ter cut his name on a slate." That was their expression for writing.

Then, once in a while, there would be a regular stampede. A bugle would sound, and the soldiers would start up and march out with military step, their heavy tread shaking the building. The hospital bell would ring, and away the gray dressing-gowns would go, flapping and fluttering like a flock of turkeys, perhaps in the middle of a lesson. Or a baby would cry, and the mother would have to drop her book and carry it home. Sometimes there were so many babies that the room looked more like a nursery than a school. Children who had little ones left in their charge, while their parents were at work, brought them to school rather than stay away themselves. Two or three came regularly with a baby and a cup of hominy. They would roll the baby in a shawl and lay it on the floor, and once in a while take it up and feed it with hominy, giving it an occasional shake to make it swallow faster.

You wonder they could learn anything in such a place, amid so much confusion and irregularity. "Where there's a *will*, there's a *way*." These children had the *will*, and it was wonderful what they accomplished.

As soon as the children had learned to write a little they developed a perfect passion for writing letters to their teachers. They frequently took this method of making known their wants. The usual plan was to write the letter on their own slates with their lesson, to make sure of its being noticed. I once returned a slate rather hastily, after looking at the figures, and the owner, a boy, handed it back, remarking, "Dar's a letter un'erneaf." And I read:—

"MI DEAR TEECHUR i luv you pleece give me A pare of *pancks*."

He had been overlooked in the distribution of clothing, and this was to remind me of the fact. Whatever this epistle lacks, it certainly possesses the rare merit of being short and to the point.

In Washington I met with the only child I ever saw who really could not learn. He was bright enough about work or play, but seemed abso-

lutely incapable of learning anything in school. Having tried every way to teach him his letters, without success, I asked one day if he would not like to learn to spell his name. He said "yes," and seemed to brighten up a little. So I printed on his slate a big B, then an I, and so on, till he had Billy before him. After working several days with this, I said, "Now can't you spell Billy, and point to the letters?"

"Yaas'm." But with no attempt to do it.

"Well," I said, "let me hear you. Spell Billy."

"T-h-e, Billy."

Finding that this result of a month's teaching was not entirely satisfactory, he thought awhile, then said, "Kin spell it 'noder way."

"Well, try once more. Now call each letter as I point to it."

"H-a-m, Billy."

This final effort not being received with the unmixed approbation that Billy considered his due, he gave up in disgust, shook the dust of the school-room from his feet, and a few days afterwards hailed me from a dirt-cart, which he was driving at break-neck speed down Pennsylvania Avenue. Pulling his horse up with a jerk, which, if it did not dislocate the animal's neck, was sufficient to have done so, he shouted to me, attracting the attention of all the passers-by.

"Ain't gwine ter school no mo'. Don' like it. Likes dis yer heap better. But kin spell Billy now. T-h-e, Billy. Comin' ter see yer some day. Git up."

And the cart rattled down the street, with Billy triumphantly erect; the rags of his jacket and the rim of his hat flapping in time with the motion.

We had some comical times in our first Sunday School. The children could not understand how a Sunday School differed from any other; and the first Sunday they brought their slates, and wanted to have copies set, and to "do sums." There was one boy who was always asking questions; queer questions they were too. I used to wish sometimes that I could take the top of his head off for a minute and look inside, to see what kind of a brain it was that thought of such things. One Sunday the lesson was upon the Creation. He raised his hand to signify that he wanted to ask a question. "Well, what is it?"

"Yer say dar war on'y one man den?"

"Yes, there was only one man."

"Dar warn't no oder man, no place, nowhars?"

"No, there was no other man on the earth."

"Den ef dar wor on'y one man, an' dat ar man want ter sell a cow, I jes' like ter know how he gwine do it."

Some picture cards were sent to the school, and the children were told that every one who would learn a verse and repeat it the next Sunday, should have one. Among the boys was one who rejoiced in the name of Thomas Abraham Lincoln Johnson; or, as he pronounced it, "Tum's Ab'um Linkum Jawnson." When the Superintendent asked how many had verses to repeat, several hands went up, but Thomas Abraham Lincoln succeeded in making himself particularly conspicuous, and was called upon first. He marched up to the platform, and straightening himself up, repeated slowly, emphasizing every word :—

Great news is come ter town, great news is carried,
 Great news is come ter town, John Jones is married:
 Fus' he buyed a hom'ny pot, an' den he buyed a ladle,
 An' den he buyed a cookin'-stove, an' den he buyed a table.

And amid the murmured applause of the children, who seemed to regard this as a most touching and appropriate selection, Thomas Abraham Lincoln retired to his seat, with the air of a "conquering hero."

One day a number of new scholars came in, among them a boy about fourteen, who carried a heavy walking-stick. I disposed of the others, and came to him last, asking the usual question, "Can you read?"

He turned to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, "You see de trouble is, it pleased de Lord ter make me blind. So I can't larn like de oder chillens; but I jes' listens ter dem, an' larns dat way; an' I'se mighty apt at larnin' too."

I asked if he had always been blind.

"Yes," he said, "but I shall have my sight by-and-by."

"How do you know that?"

"Kase one night I wor a prayin' ter de Lord ter gib me my sight; an' he promise me dat ef I'd sarve him good one year, he'd gib it ter me. I'se been sarvin' him jes' as good as I knows, an' I know he'll gib it ter me; for he allus does jes' what he say."

He lived fully half a mile from the school; but every day that winter, through snow, and rain, and mud, he came, feeling the way with his stick; and then he sat with eager face, drinking in every word; and at recess would repeat everything he had heard during the morning. Sometimes when the children did not behave very well, he would say to them, "Ef yer could jes' be like me fer a while, so yer couldn't see ter larn, yer'd nebber do dat way 'gin."

A lady wrote to some friends in Massachusetts, who kindly sent him a complete suit of clothes, including overcoat, cap and mittens; and a happier boy than blind Billy when he received them, it would be hard to find. "Tell 'em," he said, "dat when I get my sight, I'll come ter see 'em." What this idea of having his sight was, or how he came by it, we could not tell; but he looked for it certainly at the end of the year.

After a while we missed him from school; and the matron of the orphan asylum, where he had been placed, sent us word that he was sick. "Not very sick," she said, when we went to see him; "only weakly like. The doctor couldn't seem to tell just what did ail him."

Every time we saw him he was a little thinner and a little weaker. At last, one bright spring day, when the first violets were in bloom, we went once more; but no pleasant voice greeted us, and no welcoming hand was stretched out from the little white bed, where Billy lay, very, very quiet, with a smile upon his face. "He lay just so, when I found him this morning," the matron said through her tears.

The year was up, and Blind Billy had "got his sight." His eyes "saw the King in his beauty."—*Elizabeth Kilham, in Our Young Folks.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. W. F. BARNARD—*Dear Sir* : I had the pleasure of sending you a trifle last month for the Mission ; I cannot tell you the pleasure I feel in reading the “real tragedies” mentioned in the welcome “MONTHLY RECORD.” My heart was moved to read the “sad case” mentioned on page 6, for May ; if still living, will you kindly have the within \$5 expended on her, if not, put it in with the funds for your Mission.

If, my dear sir, we believe, as we do, the Book of God, we know that a rich reward remains for those who, like the helpers in your noble work, feed and take care in His name, of the Saviour's poor lambs and straying ones. I wish I could send you more positive proofs of sincere sympathy, but my earnest desire is, that heaven's choicest blessings may rest on you, encouraging you and increasing your patrons, and leading you oftentimes to the period of never-ending reward, received by all those who *prove* their love by helping *Him*, in comforting one of the least of His.

May 17th, 1872.

Affectionately yours,

A FRIEND.

From one of our girls lately sent to a place of employment :

CONNECTICUT, May 7th, 1872.

DEAR MR. BARNARD : We arrived here safely a little after 3 o'clock that afternoon : it was very pleasant after the rain. The sun was shining very brightly, and all seemed very happy. When we reached South Manchester, the first person we met at the station was Mr. E—, though I did not know him. He asked if we were from New York, and I said yes. He then took our trunk which was completely jammed up, and said Mrs. B— would be over soon. We did not wait long before Mrs. B— and Mrs. G— came in and took us to the boarding house. When we got there our room was not ready, and we sat in the parlor for quite a little while. As I was sitting there I felt very lonely, and could not help crying—harder than I did in a long time. When our room was ready we went up to get ready for tea, which was ready in a short time ; before it was ready I went to meet C—. I had not gone any farther than the door when I met her. As soon as I saw her I began to cry harder than I did before, and she laughed as hard to see me cry. We then went into tea. I like it here much better than I did. I like the mill too, only it tires me to stand so long, and not being used to it. But I don't like the boarding house much at all ; we have to find ourselves in light, broom, and a pail, if we want it. I think after a little while we can get our own place, and then how nice it will be. I should like very much to come in and see you some time. As I have no more to say I will bring my note to a close. Give my love to Mrs. Barnard, as I forgot to bid her good-by, which I was so careless to forget. Give my love to the large girls, and Mrs. Marstin, Mrs. Burdett, Mrs. Weaver, Miss Greenwood, also. If it is not too much trouble, I forgot Miss Brown and Mr. Mattice.

You will please excuse the writing as I was in a great hurry. I commenced this letter last Sunday night and had not time to finish it.

No more, from

SUSIE.

Money Received from April 19th to May 19th, 1872.

Sunday Collection,	\$ 9 55	Sunday Collection,	14 29
Miss M. A. Jackson, Le Roy, N. Y., .	4 50	Mrs. Z. B. Burr, Weston, Ct., . .	5 00
Post & Goddard,	5 00	“ L. P. Siebert,	5 00
Mrs. S. Bruhl,	5 00	Miss Othout,	5 00
“ C. Beiden, Parkville, N. Y., . .	5 00	Mrs. A. J. Sebring, Claverack, N. Y.,	5 00
“ L. Martin, East River, Ct., . .	1 00	Mr. J. H. Tator, “ “	2 00
Mr. Lockwood's class, No. 13, First		Mrs. H. V. De Bogert, “ “	1 00
Pres. Ch., Yonkers, N. Y.,	6 00	E. L. Demarest, “ “	2 00

Eddie S. Demarest, Claverack, N. Y.	25	James J. Goodwin,	25 00
Freddie P. Demarest, " "	25	D. W. Sherwood, Bridgeport, Ct.,	1 00
H. K. Corning,	50 00	Sunday Collection,	4 76
J. Adams Bishop,	2 00	Matthew Crosby, Nantucket, Mass.,	5 00
Sunday Collection,	10 80	Abby, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	25
Aug. Limbert,	5 00	H. Stearns, to pay freight,	50
Robert R. Stuyvesant,	10 00	Miss Troup,	10 00
Mrs. S. Griggs,	20 00	J. W. Hammersley,	25 00
M. Dean, Bridgeton, Me.,	5 00	A Friend, for special case,	5 00
Wm. Thompson,	5 00	Mrs. Mason,	50
Horace Gray,	25 00	" Booth,	1 00

Donations of Clothing, Food, etc., from Apl. 19, to May 19, 1872.

Lot of shoes, M. Thompson, Brooklyn.	75 feet of hose and pipe, N. Y. Belting & Pack-
1 package clothing, Orange, N. J.	ing Co., John H. Cheever, Treas.
1 " " Mrs. Howell.	1 package clothing, Mrs. Tait.
1 " " Louisa Schmalz.	1 " " No name.
1 " " No name.	1 " " Rev. Dr. Murray.
1 " " Mrs. Commodore Eagle.	1 " " P. Herter, Brooklyn.
1 " " H. K. Corning.	1 " " Willie Farr.
1 " " Mrs. Dickson.	1 " " Mrs. Clapp.
3 barrels potatoes, Friends, Claverack, N. Y.	1 " " Mrs. Hoffman.
1 " clothing, " " "	1 " " and shoes, Mr. Coffin.
250 apples, for the children, Eddie S. Demarest,	1 " " M. Bloomfield.
Claverack, N. Y.	3 barrels bread, John Boyd.
1 package clothing, A. F. Clark.	1 bbl. clothing, Friend, 59 W. 48th st.
3 pairs hand-knit stockings, Mrs. Fanny Bas-	1 keg butter, Geo. Stever, Fairfield, Iowa.
sett, 82 years old, Sag Harbor.	2 bbls. bread, Barber & Watson.
1½ dozen copy books, for Chinese Evening	Basket bread and buns, Mrs. Wentworth.
School, H. W. Ellsworth 756 B'way.	120 loaves bread, John Boyd.
1 package clothing, Jennie Baldwin.	1 package clothing, Mrs. Blake.
1 " " Mrs. Paillon.	1 barrel " W. S. Patton.
A large lot of hats, Wainoc & Co.	1 pkg. " Mrs. Collins.
Lot of carpets, furniture, etc., Mrs. Fanshawe.	1 " " Mrs. Barr.
2 boxes containing 73 articles, etc., S. S. class	1 " " A Friend.
of Miss Augusta H. Williams, Ithaca, N. Y.	Trunk " Mrs. Hoffman, Newport, R. I.
1 package clothing, Mrs. Niven.	1 pkg. " H. A. Bostwick.
108 loaves of bread, Fuller Bread Co.	1 barrel " Polly Chafee, Coventry De-
1 package clothing, 47 W. 31st St.	pot, Ct.
1 " " George Smith.	1 package " D. L. Suydam.
1 " " Mr. Tuttle.	4 " " Mr. Jacob Voorhis.
1 " " Mrs. G. W. Ferry.	1 " " Dr. Gage.
3 " " D. S. M.	1 " " 41 E. 40th St.
	1 " " Mrs. T. Clapp, Pittsfield, Mass

Money received for Record, from April 19, to May 19, 1872.

Mrs. J. R. Kimball, Lawrence, Mass., \$1 00	Grace Combs, Danvers, Ill.,	1 00
Mrs. L. Morton, East River, Ct.,	Mrs. E. J. Williams, South Amherst,	
Nancy Swan,	Mass.,	2 00
Matilda Johnson, Newark, N. J.,	Mrs. Martha Hayward, South Amherst,	
Frank H. Tuthill, Kalamazoo, Mich.,	Mass.,	1 00
Mr. E. M. Benton, High Falls, N. Y.,	Mrs. Sarah Reed, So. Amherst, Mass.,	1 00
George S. Hickok,	Abigail R. Olmstead, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	

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HAVE MANUFACTURED OVER 10,000!

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ESTABLISHED, 1854.

427 Broome St. (one Block from Broadway) and 37 Union Square.

Its adaptation to the human voice as an accompaniment, owing to its peculiar sympathetic, mellow, yet rich and powerful tone.

From personal acquaintance with the firm, we can indorse them as worthy of the fullest confidence of the public. We are using the BRADBURY PIANO in our families, and they given entire satisfaction.

Persons at a distance need feel no hesitation in sending for their Illustrated Price-List and ordering from it. They are reliable.

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Dr. REID, of Chicago—"I can most cheerfully recommend the Bradbury Piano as the best."

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THE BRADBURY PIANO.

— A CARD. —

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July 17, 1867.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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